

PS 3515
.183 L4
1912
Copy 1

Legend Of The Sand Dunes

Cape Henry, Virginia



A Legend of the Sand Dunes

Cape Henry, Virginia

By Stafford Hinton



Illustrated by

Anna L. Wales

Harry C. Mann

Burke & Gregory, Print,

1912

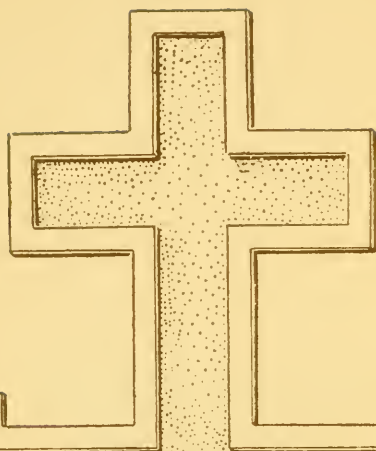
PS3515
I83L4
1912

31

Copyright, 1912, by M. S. Hinton

All Rights Reserved

Published December, 1912



NEAR THIS SPOT
LANDED APRIL 23, 1807

CAPT. JAMES MCHESSE CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT
HON. GEORGE A. FENBY BATHOLEMEW GOODELL
EDWARD MARIA WINSTFIELD

WITH TWENTY FIVE OTHERS
WHO

CALLING THE PLACE

CAPE HENRY

PLANTED A CROSS

APRIL 29, 1807

IN DEI GRATIA VIRGINIA CONDITA

THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED BY THE
ASSOCIATION

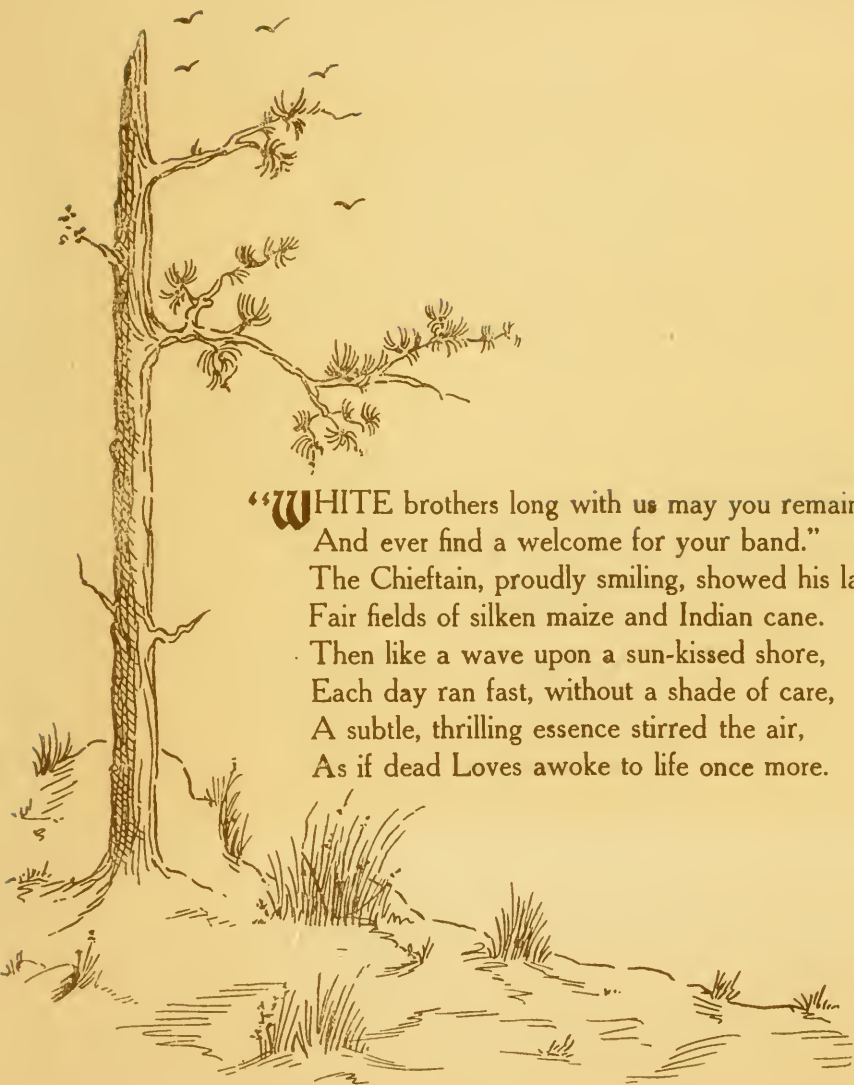
FOR
PRESERVATION OF VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES
APRIL 23, 1939

A Legend of the Sand Dunes.

FAR in the distant past of long ago,
No mighty sand dunes sloped to meet the sea.
Primeval forest stretched from shore to lea,
Like arméd legion holding banners low;
And neath its glimmering, golden dotted, shade,
Roamed nature's forest children free from care,
To whom the sea, the still expectant air,
And tensely waiting Earth a warming made.

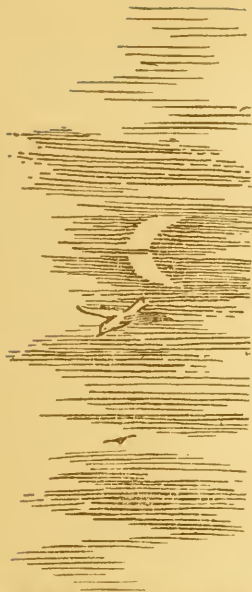
All nature, thrilling, breathed a prophecy,
When from afar there came a warlike craft,
Well manned with seaworn sailors fore and aft,
Full freighted to the helm with destiny.
As in a dream the Princess watched it near,
Wondering at the arméd warriors fair,
Were they Sun Gods with flowing golden hair?
But gods, or men, her race knew naught of fear.

Their valiant leader kneeling kissed her hand,
From far off seas he came, but not as foe;
Then to the Indian Chief she bade him go,
And crave of him a welcome to the land.
Low, he bowed, "Oh! Chief, full many a day
We've battled with the waves, the wind, the rain,
Prepared to die, or else this quest to gain,
Your welcome for my weary men I pray."



“WHITE brothers long with us may you remain,
And ever find a welcome for your band.”
The Chieftain, proudly smiling, showed his land,
Fair fields of silken maize and Indian cane.
Then like a wave upon a sun-kissed shore,
Each day ran fast, without a shade of care,
A subtle, thrilling essence stirred the air,
As if dead Loves awoke to life once more.





THE sea, with tender, loving ecstasy,
Caressed to dreamy smiles the rippling sands,
In whispers low from sleepy Lotus Lands
The crooning wavelets brought Love's lullaby.
Love lingered in each flow'ring laurel dell,
Of romance murmured world old forest trees,
Soft sonnets sang the pine sweet perfumed breeze,
The Earth conspired with Love to cast his spell.



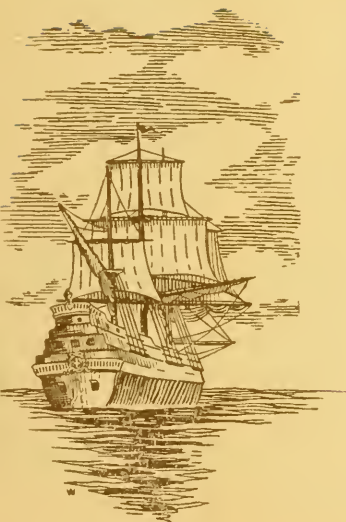
FOR in the spring the Love God roams the earth,
Suggesting oft to nature subtle snares,
Beguiling youth that ever unawares
Has lightly played with love till passion's birth.
And loitering along the moonlit sands,
His tempting whisper kissed the Princess' ear,
Who, trembling, doubting, thrilled with joy and fear,
As round her softly wound Love's witching bands.

Then poising like a startled woodland sprite,
With whom her grace and glowing beauty vied,
Her lovely eyes alight and wonder-wide,
To rapture, stirred the heartbeats of the Knight;
Who, earnestly, with lips persuasive plead,
With tender, ling'ring kisses wooed, caressed,
Till, slyly, nestled close unto his breast,
Down Life's enchanted lane Love smiling led.

What recked the Knight of King or titled court,
Of Old World custom, or its wealth of lore,
While Nature opened wide her magic door
To Wonderland, and Love's enchanted port.
But while he dreamed his men were often stirred
With thoughts of home, and, growing restless, planned
To tell the ancient world of this new land,
Adventures stranger far than ever heard.



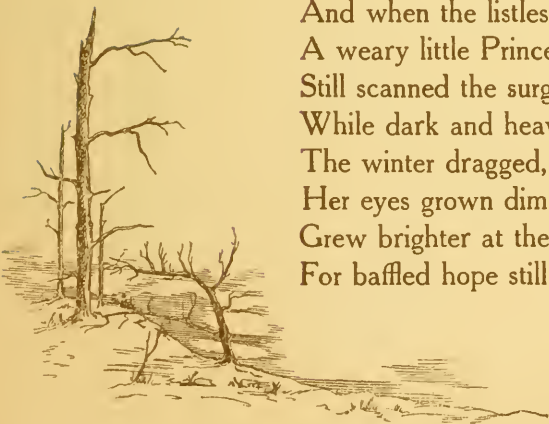
AT last he sought the Chief and begged her hand,
Who made this rigid test with kingly pride,
That he return in spring to claim his bride,
And granted, then, would find his love's demand,
But still he lingered on from day to day
Until November, when the sails were set,
One last embrace of passionate regret—
“Sweet Princess, I will come again in May.”





“WHEN the tender, warm south air returns,
When mating robins thrill their loving lay,
When happy waves hum low of love all day,
And brooklets gaily woo the fairy ferns,
Then close beside the sea, my Princess, wait.”
She wandered near the sea, and watched each wave
Till spring was past, then sadly still, but brave,
The Princess searched the sea from dawn till late.

And when the listless leaves began to fall,
A weary little Princess slim and pale,
Still scanned the surging sea that brought no sail,
While dark and heavy clouds hung like a pall.
The winter dragged, and when the snows were past,
Her eyes grown dim from ceaseless vigils long
Grew brighter at the robin's mating song,
For baffled hope still lingers to the last.



FROM Life's dawn until its midnight late,
Within Earth's tangled labyrinth we grope,
With naught to stay our weary souls but hope,
Are human hearts but hapless pawns of Fate
That blight the spirit ere life can unroll?
A page, and then the romance ever lost,
And withered youth must pay the drastic cost
Of Love that Life demands from all as toll.

The stern old Chieftain's heart was wrung each day
As she was lifted sadly to the sand;
And sombre gloom, foreboding, wrapped the land
That, mourning, watched its Princess waste away.
Her plaintive voice sobbed wearily and long,
"Oh! heartless waves what do you hide from me,
Have you my lover buried, cruel sea,
Or did he soon forget the robin's song?"

She moaned unto each world old restless wave,
"Pile high upon my breast the drifting sand,
Let no alien eye, no wandering band,
Divine my tragedy, or trace my grave.
Bury well my royal, ancient name,
So deep no whisper ever can remain
To breathe to after ages of my pain,
Of slighted love—an Indian Princess' shame."



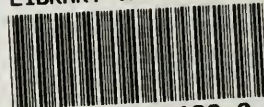
THEY placed her body far beneath the sand,
And called in council every Indian brave,
Who, swearing maledictions, long did rave
To slay the first pale face who sought his land.
Then as the ceaseless winds sighed o'er the ground,
Like tender tears, whose loving touch caressed,
The sands, in sadness, drifted o'er her breast,
And slowly piled a vast and solemn mound.

Till now a range of sand dunes sweeps the shore
That buries leagues of ancient pine and oak;
But ever will the mammoth hills evoke
Memories of her love in days of yore.
And many a stormy night, a trembling wave,
Hears, mingled with the mourning winds above,
Low plaintive sobs, "Oh, sea, where is my Love?"
In anguish stealing from the mountain grave.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 939 100 0